

FRONTISPIECE.



Act V.

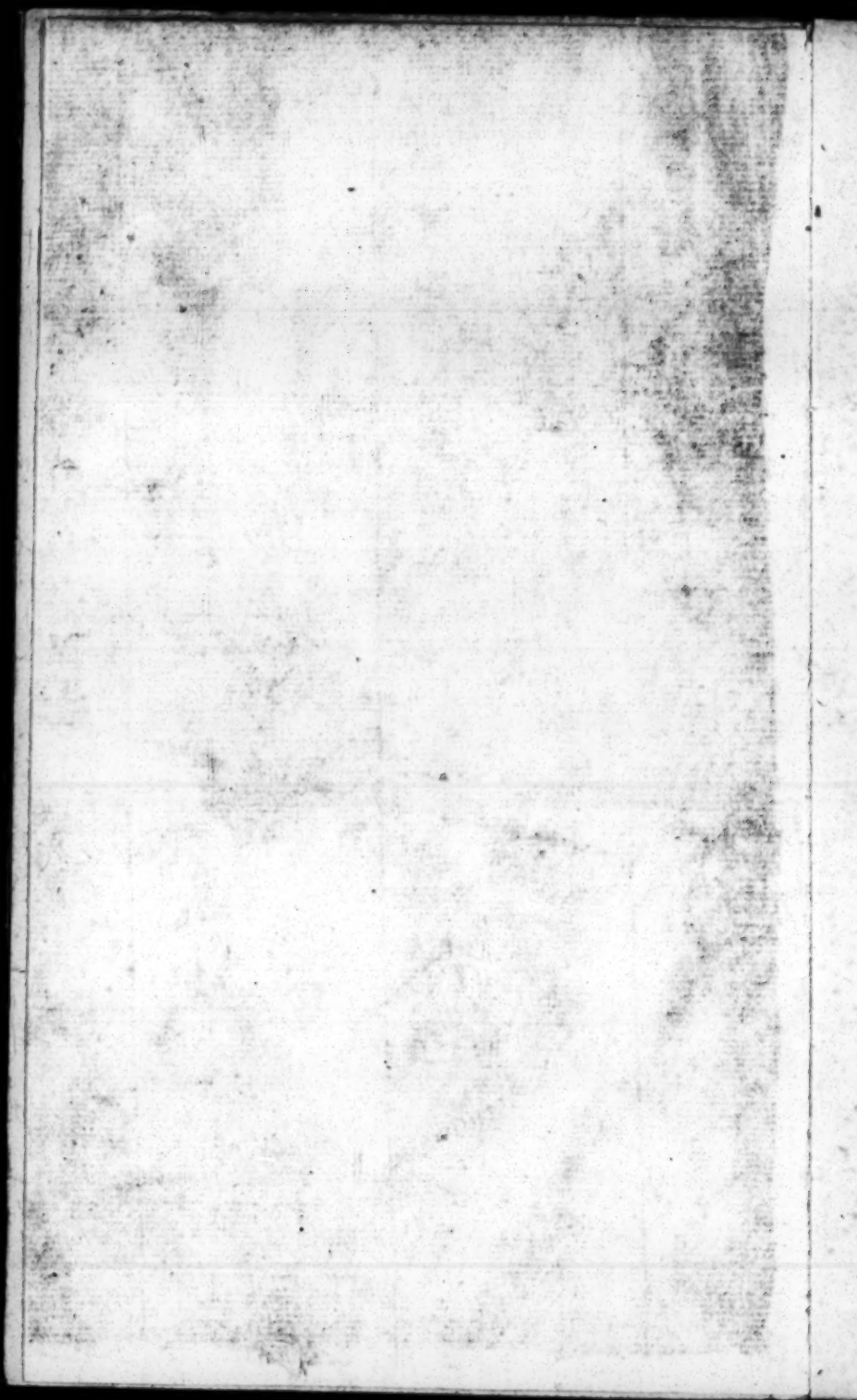
Scene III.

There lies the man, whose deeds shall ever shine
In Flanders, France, and all along the Rhine;
But here, through rashness, he eclips'd 'em all,
And by his folly wrought Hibernia's fall.

SARSFIELD.

Engraved for the second part of the Battle of Agincourt





THE
BATTLE
OF
AUGHRIM;

OR, THE
Fall of Monsieur St. Ruth.

A
TRAGEDY.
By Mr. ROBERT ASHTON.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,
An Historical Account of the Battle of
Aughrim.

*Since Heav'n, that did our Nature first create,
Has since ordain'd all Men must bend to Fate;
So is it alſo by our Stars decreed,
The Hero by the Force of War ſhall bleed.*

STRABANE:
PRINTED BY JOHN BELLEW. M.DCC.LXXXV.



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EXTRACT from the HISTORY of IRELAND,
relative to the memorable Battle which was the
Occasion of this TRAGEDY.

ST. RUTH thinking himself secure, and believing the besiegers to have entirely relinquished the design, sent three of his worst regiments during that very night the council of war had been held, to relieve the over fatigued garrison. [*Speaking of Athlone.*]

But this being the case, when all things were secretly prepared for the assault, a body of two thousand men was ordered to attempt the passage of the river, whilst others mounting the walls opposite to the enemy, were prepared to cover the design by keeping an incessant fire upon them. Then the English with a great shout suddenly entered the river, and after a smart dispute, made their passage good, attacked the town in several parts, and cut off the communication with St. Ruth's army, which the Irish perceiving, abandoned the place, shifting as well as possible for their safety, while those from whom they expected relief were marching too slowly to their assistance, and seeing the guns of the town now preparing to be turned against them, speedily retreated, and breaking up their camp, withdrew in great haste to Aughrim.

Ginkle had received authority from William to publish a pardon for all such of the Irish as chose to take the benefit of it; but for reasons best known by himself, the Dutchman had delayed till now no propose it. As soon as it was known, numbers who were disperited by the late misfortune, took the advantage of it, and this circumstance, as well as the reproaches of those who remained, determined St. Ruth to alter his plan of a defensive war, and set the fate of Ire-

land upon the issue of a battle, while he had yet the means left him of assembling an army wherewith to make one general effort.

To this purpose he drew together the garrisons he had stationed in the neighbouring towns, to the number of about twenty-five thousand men, with whom he had resolved to face the enemy. He had encamped this army on a height in a line which had extended two miles; half a mile from the front below was a bog with two passages, one of which led to the right, the other to the left of his camp. The passage on the left opened into a corn field, in which, however, only four battalions could form a front. Farther on were difficult grounds, and the ruins of the castle of Aughrim, where cannon were placed. The passage to the right opened upon ground that was wider, but yet afforded not room for an army. The space between these two passages was filled with hedges and ditches which were lined with troops, and the remainder of the army was ranged upon the heights before the camp.

Ginkle having spent a week in refreshing his troops at Athlone, followed with the English army to Aughrim, from whence his approach being discerned even whilst at a great distance, St. Ruth took all precaution to form his troops, in order to prepare them for his reception. He himself made a speech to animate them; the priests ran through all the ranks, causing the men to swear upon the sacrament that they would not desert their colours, and using every argument to inspire them with courage, that the love of their religion, or regard for their own honor and that of their country could dictate.

This was indeed a most remarkable situation; for now once more was the fate of Ireland brought to a crisis.—Now was the fate of William and of James in that country to be determined, as well as that of the Protestant and the Catholic interest. The eyes

of all were upon this great event, and both parties prepared themselves accordingly.

The English army in two divisions marched to the right and left of the bog, bended towards each other with a design of flanking the enemy, and joining on the rising ground, while St. Ruth, who stood upon the heights suffered them to pass the bog without interruption, intending to attack the two bodies separately, before they should be in a condition to assist each other. For this purpose, when he found the left wing of the English had advanced into the open ground, he dispatched most of his cavalry in order to strengthen his right. — On this general Mackay advised Ginkle to draw off part of his right wing to the left, and in the interim sounding the bog, and finding it not impassable, he ordered part of his troops to pass through it to the corn field on the left, and there to keep their station without pressing upon the enemy, till he should be ready to flank them. And at the same time general Talmash marched before, in order to attack the castle of Aughrim. But these troops which Mackey had ordered to remain inactive forgot the injunction, and advanced towards the line of hedges, where they were received by the Irish with a brisk fire. The latter, however, at length retired, in order to draw their enemies on, and the stratagem succeeded; for the English eagerly pursued, till by means of the communication the Irish had made between the hedges, they found themselves surrounded, and fired upon at once in their front, flanks, and rear, while their general, who had not yet overcome the difficulties of the broken ground, could not give them any assistance. This false step was like to have occasioned an entire defeat of that wing; for the soldiers, thus embarrassed, were obliged to give way on all sides; some retiring with precipitation to the corn field, whilst others even fled back through the bog. — This was a very

disagreeable spectacle to the English generals, who as soon as they could disencumber themselves, bent all their forces to that quarter, where their friends were distressed, while St. Ruth, viewing from his heights the embarrassment of the enemy, threw his hat up three times into the air and shouted for joy, giving those about him the assurances of what he thought a certain victory.

But the consideration of the shame, and still more of the danger of the defeat, worked upon the English, that having surmounted the first difficulty, they not only kept their ground, but after a smart struggle advanced upon the enemy. The wary St. Ruth now finding the scene was about to change, and observing the two divisions of the enemy to the right and left gathering upon the rising ground, resolved with all speed to prevent the junction.—Preparing therefore himself to descend with a strong body of horse from the heights, where he had hitherto remained, *Now, said he, will I drive the English to the very gates of Dublin.*

He had resolved to fall upon the enemy in a dangerous hollow way, through which they were to pass; but in his way he was slain by a cannon-ball, which so disheartened his soldiers that they first halted and afterwards fled; nor could Sarsfield, who was second in command, when they were rallied give any succour to the army, since having been at enmity with St. Ruth, he knew nothing of that general's plans or dispositions. The whole Irish army was now divided into three bodies, neither of which knew what plan they were to act upon, while the two divisions of Ginkle's army, conducted by their generals, who still kept that uniform disposition with which they had at first set out, and which alone could procure them victory, of verging towards each other, found themselves every moment nearer attaining their end, and the body of English appointed

to pass the hollow way having compassed their design, began to attack their enemies in flank, who were totally unable to prevent them; which perceiving, after a struggle that was in vain, they fled with precipitation, and abandoned the field to the English, who gained a complete victory, which however they sullied by their cruelty in granting no quarter to the vanquished, who lost about seven thousand men in the action and pursuit, together with their tents, baggage, and military stores, which fell into the hands of the enemy, whose loss amounted to little more than seven hundred slain in battle.

It is highly probable that the English owed this victory to the death of the French general, who though he was but ill beloved by the Irish, and had lost them Athlone, was yet a good general, as James well knew when he sent him to take the command. Nor would even the loss of him have been attended with such fatal consequences to the Irish, if the disputes between him and Sarsfield had not prevented the latter from being acquainted with the dispositions of the former. After all, it must be allowed, that the Irish made a most gallant resistance, as long as there was any probability of success, and therefore deserved to be treated as a valiant enemy.

Limerick being the only place of any considerable strength remaining in the hands of the Irish, thither the fugitives retreated, and thither Ginkle prepared to follow them. taking all the places which lay in the way, and Galway among the rest, the garison of which town were permitted, by the articles of capitulation, to retire to Limerick, where in all likelihood they were of more disservice than use to their countrymen that were cooped up within the limits of that place.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

JOHN, Lord Carteret,

Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland.

May it please your Excellency,

IT is not without paying the greatest Respect due to Your great Birth and Quality, that I presume to lay this Tragedy, the first Fruits of my Labour, at your Lordship's Feet, and at the same Time beg your noble Protection, to a Work so meanly perform'd. This memorable Battle, on which the Fate of Ireland then depended, was fought on Sunday, July, the 12th, 1691. The Effects of which, was the entire Subversion of Popery and arbitrary Power; and, surely, an Action which acquir'd so much Glory to the English Nation ought not to be forgot, when Matters of far less Moment are daily adapted to the Stage. This,

my Lord, and your Lordship's shining Character, embolden'd me to undertake this Play, wherein the Honour of several of Your Lordship's Countrymen are very nearly concerned: That your Excellency may therefore, with your illustrious Confort and shining Off-spring, be the lasting Glories of Posterity, and shine in the remotest Annals of the Earth, to be a peculiar Pattern to succeeding Ages shall be the Prayers of,

My LORD,

Your Excellency's

Most Obedient, Humble,

And Devoted Faithful Servant,

ROBERT ASHTON.

T O

Mr. ROBERT ASHTON,

On his Play of the BATTLE of AUGHRIM.

WHEN youth appears so soon in quest of fame,
And as a sportsman bravely meets his aim,
The herd of critics for a share contend,
And find such faults they know not how to mend;
Whilst as an eagle soaring in the sky,
You dare their spleen, and all their rage defy,
For, Sir, with greatest pleasure I survey
Athens eclips'd by this your tragic play:
The plot so noble, and in ev'ry line,
Both wit and eloquence peculiar shine.
Here we may view, how in a crimson field,
Britain's dread sons taught *France* and *Rome* to yield,
Withstood their fury in *Hibernia's* cause:
And surely such a theme deserves applause.
Then ASHTON, persevere, and Fame pursue,
Court her, 'well pleas'd she seems to yield to you;
Embrace the task, and in the end you'll find,
That Honour waits to crown a studious mind.
The amorous lark, who first receives it's breath
Within some verdant turf low on the earth,
Assuming strength, her wanton breast she heaves,
And from her nest the lofty sky surveys,
Then claps her wings, and strives to fly in vain,
The little songster's forc'd to fall again;
But striving still, and taking better care,
She soars aloft, and mounts into the air.
So may you rise with fame, and still excel,
And your chief glory be in writing well.

CHARLES USHER, T. C. D.

PROLOGUE.

*WE crave your audience, judges of the age,
 Whilst a renowned story mounts our stage;
 Heroic deeds, and Aughrim's glorious fight,
 With war and bloodshed, swell our scenes to-night.
 Never did Cæsar do an action bolder:
 And was our Author but a little older,
 Not Pompey's triumphs, nor great Scipio's fame,
 Could once compare with glorious WILLIAM's name.
 'Tis true, the Irish found it to their cost,
 They fought that battle bravely which they lost;
 Even like Hectors for a time they stood,
 And ere they ran, they dy'd the field in blood:
 Nor great Pharsalia, nor the Africk coast,
 Could ever yet so great a wonder boast.
 But should the play fall short, upon my truth,
 You may impute it to our Author's youth;
 Scarce tender twenty! faith a childish age,
 To bring so great a subject on the stage.
 Then critics judge with temper as you sit,
 Nor let your malice over-rule your wit,
 For if you do, by Jove, we'll damn your pit.
 Sit not like dogs in hay, prepar'd to damn,
 That will not eat, nor suffer those who can:
 For sure you would be bold, should'st you pretend
 To damn a play that Carteret will defend.
 No, critics, rather first in duty rise,
 And speak Lord Carteret's virtues to the skies;
 Let all our cannon with their smoke convey
 His shining glories to the ambient sea:
 O speak his fame to each remotest isle,
 Even to Euphrates, and the famous Nile;
 And may Hibernia long enjoy a friend,
 Like him, to shelter, govern and defend.
 Now to the Ladies we submit the cause,
 And from their eyes expect to gain applause;*

For at the first our Author took a care,
 To find a little love to please the fair.
 Then, Ladies, pray do justice every way,
 Pity his youth, and strive to save his play:
 But if it must be damn'd, why damn away.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

M E N.

Baron de Ginkle,	General of the <i>English</i> .
Marquis Ruigny,	} <i>English</i> Generals.
General Talmaſh,	
General Mackay,	
Colonel Herbert,	} <i>English</i> Colonels.
Colonel Earles,	
Monsieur St. Ruth,	General of the <i>Irish</i> .
Sarsfield, Lord Lucan,	} <i>Irish</i> Generals.
General Dorrington,	
Colonel Talbot,	} <i>Irish</i> Colonels,
Colonel Gordon-O'Neal,	
Sir Charles Godfrey,	{ A young <i>English</i> Gentleman of Fortune in love with Col. Talbot's Daughter, and a Volunteer in the <i>Irish</i> Army.

W O M E N.

Femina,	Col. Talbot's Daughter.
Lucinda,	Wife to Col. Herbert.

With Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, *The Irish Camp, near Athlone.*

THE
BATTLE
OF
AUGHRIM.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Camp.*

The Play opens with a martial Sound of Kettle Drums and Trumpets behind the Scenes; after which the Curtain rises and discovers St. Ruth, Lord Sarsfield, and Colonel Gordon O'Neal, as sitting in Council: They rise and come forward.

ST. RUTH.

Secure brave Sarsfield, in our camp we lye,
And from our lines the British force defy,
Though in their cause both Dutch and Danes do join;
To boast their dear bought conquest of the Boyn.
From yonder hill, my Lord, I can survey
Some great rejoicing in their camp to-day,
For in the air I could behold afar,
Their ensigns waving in the pomp of war,
Their cannon firing, and the smoke arise,
And with their acclamations reach the skies.

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Believe me, Sir, these Whiggish winds do bring
 Some lying packet from their Orange King,
 The vicious allies do some fort invest,
 Or else their fleet has cannonaded Brest;
 But let their arms in Flanders so proceed,
 By us the fam'd Hibernia shall be freed.
 Our Flower de Luce and Harp we will display
 To fright those wolves and lion cubs away,
 Those Nun-contemners, that pollute the soil,
 And grow both fat and wanton with their spoil;
 For which great Lewis anxious of the land,
 Hath sent me here your army to command.

Sars. We stand indebted to the Christian King,
 Next, Sir, to you, who do those succours bring.

[*Bowing.*]

Long may you live in martial pomp to wield,
 A hero's sword, the truncheon, or the shield.
 You see our King and race of priests are sent,
 With all their relics, into banishment;
 Our state is sunk, and now on every side,
 The Pope and Triple Crown are both deny'd.
 Our foe the metropolitan commands,
 And all the power is wrested from our hands.
 No garrison we hold to call our own,
 But Galway, Limerick, and stout Athlone,
 Which you, my Lord, have seen from yonder ground,
 With British forces quite beleagur'd round;
 From whence our letters say, that every morn
 They stand in danger of a general storm.

O'Neal. Fear not, my Lord, but scorn the Revolution,
 And like great Cato smile at persecution. (tion,
 When that brave Roman found his aged hand,
 No longer could defend his native land,
 Against himself the fatal sword he drew,
 And with it pierc'd his guiltless body through,
 Then let us, Sir, like him disdain to fly,
 But dig our graves in honor ere we die,
 Or like true honest souls retrieve our liberty. }

St. Ruth. There spoke the genius of the common-weal,

A thought so noble suits the great O'Neal:
 Thy predecessors with heroic fame,
 Once quell'd Erthugises the haughty Dane,
 When he in triumph lay encamp'd between
 The hill of Tarah and the lofty Screen;
 They cross'd the Boyn, and in the dead of night
 Slew all his guards, and put his troops to flight,
 Lest some as tygers weltering all in gore,
 And drove the remnant to their frozen shore;
 Thus, like brave souls, by one courageous stroke,
 They freed Hibernia from the Danish yoke.
 Then shall a soul like your's be-kept in awe
 By England's power, or their proud Nassau?
 No—stay—his crown shall fall———
 Nay his dominions moulder by degrees,
 As leaves in Autumn with'ring off the trees.
 James shall return, and with great pomp restore
 Our Romish worship to the land once more,
 And drown these Heretics in crimson gore.

Sars. When that day comes, which I most wish to see,

We'll strip the branches from their Orange tree,
 Lop down his boughs, whilst this true Irish hand
 Shall scourge those English vipers off the land;
 Then shall our Monks and Jesuits all return,
 And holy incense on our altars burn,
 Whose arduous smoke shall penetrate the air.

[*A Horn sounds within.*]

St. Ruth. Hark! a post arrives, who does some message bear.

Enter a Post.

Post. With news important from Athlone I'm sent,
 Be pleas'd to shew me to the General's tent.

Sars. Behold the General, there your message tell.

St. Ruth. Declare your message, are our friends all well?

Post. Pardon me, Sir, the fatal news I bring,
 Like vulture's poison, every heart shall sting,
 Athlone is lost without your timely aid,
 At six this morning an assault was made,
 When under shelter of the British cannon,
 Their grenadiers in armour took the Shannon :
 Led by brave Captain Sandys, who with fame
 Plung'd to his middle in the rapid stream :
 He led them through, and with undaunted ire,
 He gain'd the bank in spite of all our fire ;
 Being bravely follow'd by his grenadiers,
 Though bullets flew like hail about their ears,
 And by this time they enter uncontroul'd.

St. Ruth. Dare all the force of England be so bold,
 T' attempt to storm so strong a town, when I
 With all Hibernia's sons of war am nigh ?
 Return ; and if the Britons dare pursue,
 Tell them St. Ruth is near, and that will do.
 Bear back this answer, friend, from whence you
 came.

Post. Your aid would do much better than your
 name.

[*Aside, and Exit.*

Sars. Send speedy succours and their fate prevent,
 You know not yet what Britons dare attempt.
 I know the English fortitude is such,
 To boast of nothing, though they hazard much,
 No force on earth their fury can repel,
 Nor would they fly from all the devils in hell.

St. Ruth. Name them no more, my Lord, but pray
 forbear,

I will not aid them by my name I swear ;
 'Tis but a scoff, a ridicule, to try
 Would I outbrave 'em in the victory.
 Dare British force attempt to make them yield,
 When as the Sultan I command the field.

Sars. Boast not, my Lord, but rather take a view
 Of what those Britons did in France subdued,

See what their Edward did on Cressy plain,
 Or where at Poitiers he the field did gain;
 Then say, will e'er those Britons fear your name? }
 Though I'm their foe, I must espouse so far
 The English honor in the seats of war,
 To say, with glory they would rather die,
 Ere they with shame would from a million fly.

Enter Colonel TALBOT.

St. Ruth. Brave Colonel Talbot, thy victorious
 hand,

Nurtur'd in arts of war, can best command :
 Thou Irish Scipio, let your word atone,
 Pronounce your thoughts, say, shall we aid Athlone?

Talb. Pardon me, Sir, I fear it's past your aid, }
 For from a rising ground I now survey'd
 The British standard on the walls display'd :
 No further confirmation need you crave,
 That town is lost which you deny'd to save.

Sars. Now, see, my Lord, what English hearts
 can do.

St. Ruth. They dare not, Sir, the news cannot be
 true.

Talb. 'Tis true, by Heav'n! you'll find it to your
 loss,

I saw the walls o'erspread with George's cross,
 And with remorse, just as a pointed dart
 Or a dread thunder-bolt, it pierc'd my heart :
 This I beheld, and heard their cannon roar ;
 I turn'd my back, and would behold no more.

Enter Major-General DORRINGTON.

Dor. Misfortune, death, and horror! oh, the grief!
 Athlone is lost, and now is past relief;
 The flying soldiers from the town do run,
 And now for shelter to the camp they come.

St. Ruth. Then it is surely taken past a doubt ;
Haste, order my guards to march and beat 'em out.

Sars. Easily said, could they as soon obey,
We'd make the scellums for their entrance pay ;
But yet I fear, in an unlucky hour,
They will not fly from you, nor all your power.

Dor. The works that face our camp are yet entire,
And now their guns against our tents they fire ;
Except we straight decamp by your command,
There's not a tent in all our lines can stand.

St. Ruth. Then loiter not, but sound to arms on
fight,

Decamp and march to Milton-pass to night,
And in good order all to Aughrim fly,
For there's the spot on which I'll choose to die, }
Or by the dint of sword my fortune try. }
Haste, see the tents be struck, and all things done,
And draw them off without the beat of drum.

[*Exeunt* Dorrington, Talbot and O'Neal.

Sars. Be calm my soul, thy swelling spleen assuage,
And curb the boiling madness of my rage ;
Now let the earth be in a chaos hurl'd,
While earthquakes rise and overthrow the world,
Let gloomy vapours veil the dusky air,
And let all mankind sink beneath despair,
Let Sol and Cynthia now withdraw their light, }
And let the stars no longer rule the night, }
But let the course of nature be extinguish'd quite. }
Oh, Heavens ! Athlone is lost, that lovely seat,
The pride of empire, and the throne of state,
Thy sons are slaughter'd, and thy walls betray'd,
Because that traitor would not send thee aid ;
But I'll revenge the wrong, and he shall fall,
The crime is great, though the revenge is small.

[*Draws.*

Come, draw—and let your sword afford your
heart relief.

St. Ruth. Consider, *Sarsfield*, I am here your chief.

Your country's ruin would attend our strife.

Sars. No thought but that alone could save your
life; [Puts up.

That binds my sword, or, by the Lord, I swear,
I'd send your soul to wallow in despair.

St. Ruth. You'd send my soul! there I conjure you
hold,

For know, proud traitor, you are now too bold;
Detested from my camp you shall be driven,
Without the hopes of finding aid from Heaven.

Sars. You dare not drive me, nor will I obey,
Yet know, curst mongrel, here I will not stay;
I'll quit your camp, then shall you surely find,
There's not an Irish soul will stay behind;
Then with the remnant of my chosen band,
I'll drive your frog devourers off the land.
My eyes like basilisks shall dart you through,
Then will I next the British power subdue;
Without your aid, I will their force defeat,
To free my country, and my lost estate:
Mean while, let vengeance, war, and public shame,
Trace your damn'd self, your country, and your
name. [Exit.

St. RUTH, solus.

St. Ruth. Insulted, and abandon'd! Oh, ye gods!
Did ever man meet such unequal odds!
Sent by my King to save a stubborn crew,
Who with perdition would my life pursue.
But hold, my heart, dispel these timorous fears,
For lo, O'Neal and Dorrington appear.

Enter DORRINGTON, TALBOT, and O'NEAL.

O'Neal. Your orders are obey'd, my Lord; the
right
Detachment of your horse is out of sight;

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Your left, the centre, and the royal train,
Are on their march, and have forsook the plain.

St. Ruth. Success attend 'em, but, O'Neal, I fear
The boisterous surges of our fate are near;
A gleam of horror does my vitals damp,
I fear Lord Lucan has forsook our camp.

O'Neal. Great Heaven forbid! the hero should
desert,

The thought like lightning blasts me to the heart.
As I rode through our lines to move this way,
He marshal'd forth his troops in bright array,
And with a smile, which spoke his inward worth,
He boldly bid them spread their banners forth.
This, Sir, I heard; then next his sword he drew,
Mounted his steed, and bid them all pursue
Their country's freedom, and it's soil redeem
From servile bonds.—But when he found I'd seen
His forward inclinations every way,
He wav'd his arm aloft, and bid me stay
To join his party. Time will shew the rest.

St. Ruth. Thy news, like rushing torrents, have
delug'd my breast:

But haste, O'Neal, my friend, and overtake
His rash resolves, and for thy country's sake,
To his great breast the threatening danger shew,
Entreat him, nay, beseech him not to go,
Bring him to Aughrim, and if you prevail,
When we are join'd, we will our foes assail.
Do this, brave friend, with eloquence on fight,
Whilst in the rear I shall make good our fight.

[*Exeunt St. Ruth, Dorrington, and O'Neal.*]

Colonel TALBOT, solus.

Talb. Should he desert, ye powers! I will not stay,
But like Lord Syphax bear my troops away;
Confound the bougre, ere I do retire,
And set Olympus on a flame of fire,
For sure the gods our ruin do decree.

Enter Sir CHARLES GODFREY.

Sir Char. By the account she gave, this must be he.

[*Aside.*

Behold, a stranger kneels, and humbly prays,

[*Kneels.*

That you'd assist to lengthen out his days.

Talb. Wrap me not in confusion, but explain
Your wrongs, young soldier, and from whence you
came.

Sir Char. My heart, ensnar'd by love does inward
bleed;

If Talbot is your name I will proceed.

Talb. Strange youth, it is—arise, and pray disclose
[*He rises.*

With free access the author of your woes.

Sir Char. Then, Sir, to tell you all my final case,

I am a Briton of a Saxon race;

Sir Charles Godfrey is my lawful name,

My father, in our late great monarch's reign,

Was by a band of villains basely slain.

He being dead, I was of friends bereft,

One virtuous sister only had I left,

And she is wedded, as I needs must own,

To Colonel Herbert, now before Athlone.

Thither was I going, when by chance I spy'd

Thy daughter sitting by a forest side,

I stood amaz'd, and view'd her o'er and o'er,

And as I view'd, alas! I lov'd the more;

She seem'd so charming to my ravish'd eyes,

That mighty Juno hovering from the skies,

Drawn by her peacocks through the liquid air,

Must yield her throne to one so killing fair.

Talb. Eloquence well turn'd; young Marcus,
what remains?

Sir Char. Her beauteous charms have set my
heart on flames.

When on my knees I did for mercy sue,
 Her answer was, I must appeal to you.
 Then, noble Sir, if mercy is confin'd
 Within the dictates of a warrior's mind,
 Impower this sword to serve her heavenly charms, }
 I'll court her in the field by deeds of arms,
 In spite of death, and all it's loud alarms. }

Talb. Thy suit shall be accepted gallant youth,
 Let me inform our General, St. Ruth,
 If he receives you, then I pawn my oath,
 Win her, she shall be your's, and bless you both.

Sir Char. How shall my gratitude reward your
 care?

Talb. Follow to Aughrim, for we stand it there:
 By force of war make good your rightful claim,
 And wreaths of laurel for our monarch gain.

Sir Char. Now, like the mariner, I leave the shore,
 And put to sea in search of golden ore,
 Thro' boisterous surges plough the troubled main, }
 'Midst rocks and tempests, and at last attain
 A bay of love, and pleasure for my pain. }

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *the Plain of Aughrim at five in the
 Morning. The Irish Camp and the Castle of Aughrim
 appearing at a Distance.*

Enter JEMINA, who sits down and sings.

I.

*YE gods, look down and see a maid,
 By cruel fortune thus betray'd
 A sacrifice to fate:*

*A youth I love, and he is brave,
Like mighty Mars, ordain'd to save,
But yet to captivate.*

II.

*Come all ye nymphs, who ever knew
What Cupid or his darts could do,
Give ear unto my moan;
Pitty my pain ye maids, and know
I love, but cannot tell him so;
Then melt each heart of stone.*

III.

*Immortal gods, some pity shew
On constant lovers here below,
Whom dangers do surround;
Let them at last, when all is clear,
Enjoy their love and only dear;
And let his joys abound.*

IV.

*But if the Powers do decree
That I must loose my liberty,
Distracted will I run,
To seek some dismal fatal grove,
There fall a victim for my love,
And so be quite undone.*

[She rises and comes forward.]

Hail! sweet Hibernia, hospitable isle,
More rich than Egypt with o'er flowing Nile;
Fair garden of the earth, thy fragrant plains
Are seats of war; and thy sweet purling streams
All run with blood, and vengeance seems to trace
The shining remnant of Hibernia's race.

Enter Sir CHARLES GODFREY.

Sir Char. See how fair Venus, like the breaking
morn,
With virgin blushes does the plains adorn,

26 BATTLE OF AUGHIRM.

The gloomy damps of night she does controul,
And darts her rays to cheer my drooping soul.

Oh! my Jemina, listen while I say,
The news I bring shall bless the breaking day:
Apollo rises from his Eastern seat

To crown those joys my tongue can scarce repeat.

Jem. What joy is this, Sir Knight, you would impart?

Sir Char. Such as has rais'd a sun shine in my heart,
Thy gallant fire has granted all thy charms,
With all thy heav'ns, to these transported arms.

Jem. Oh! name not joys like these for Heaven's sake,

What, is not love, nay, fortune, both at stake?
You see my country's fate reduc'd so low,
To try a gamester's chance for one poor throw.

Sir Char. Let not a thought so vain as this perplex
The brightest star of all thy beauteous sex:
For if your country should in danger be,
By Heaven! I swear, I'd die to set it free:
Inspir'd by you, I'd rush against my fate,
Like Saladine, and all your foes defeat.
Then fairest on the earth, do not despair,
For Heaven, who formed you so divinely fair,
Will make your safety it's peculiar care. }

Jem. Forbear, Sir Knight, the language I detest;
Could thoughts like these inflame a virgin's breast
At this sad time, when love's auspicious charms
Are all declin'd for martial deeds of arms?
And at my throbbing heart there's something too
Whispers within, that men are seldom true.

Sir Char. Witness with me, ye gods! who rule
the sky,
How far my nature is beyond a lie,
If I dissemble, may I ever be
A sad example to posterity!
When first your fair angelic form I view'd,
The God of Love my liberty subdu'd,

From your fair eyes he stole a fatal dart,
 And sheath'd it reeking in my captive heart;
 Nothing, therefore, can end my raging pain,
 Unless for love you grant me love again;
 For if you do my fervent suit deny,
 I, like the Phoenix, in my nest will fry,
 Till cruel death shall finish all the strife,
 And I in scorching flames give up my life;
 Then as my ghost to Paradise shall go
 I'll praise that Heav'n in you I leave below.

Fem. Can flattery like this proceed from one
 Whom all my thoughts are solely fix'd upon;
 Your eloquence divine my heart does move,
 And now, in spite of virtue, I must love.
 Here, take my hand, 'tis true, the gift's but small,
 But when I can, I'll give you heart and all.

Sir Char. Thanks to the gods! who such a present gave,

Such radiant graces ne'er could man receive;
 For who on earth has e'er such transports known?
 What is the Turkish monarch on his throne,
 Hem'd round with rusty swords in pompous state?
 Amidst his court no joys can be so great.
 Retire with me, my soul, no longer stay
 In public view, the General moves this way. [*Exeunt*]

[*A Flourish of Trumpets within*]

Enter ST. RUTH, DORRINGTON, and O'NEAL.

St. Ruth. Is Sarsfield then return'd? O bless the day!

Draw out our troops to line the hero's way;
 Amidst our shouts in triumph shall he come,
 Like great Emilius when he enter'd Rome
 In pomp, bedew'd with Macedonian tears.

Dor. Behold, my Lord, Sarsfield the brave appears!

Enter Sarsfield.

St. Ruth. Now stand, distraction! here thy conquest ends. [Embracing.]

Thrice welcome to my heart, thou best of friends,
The rock on which our holy faith depends:
May this our meeting, as a tempest, make
The vast foundation of Britannia shake
Tear up their Orange plants, and overwhelm
The strongest bulwarks of the British realm!
Then shall their Dutch, and Hanoverians fall,
And James shall ride in triumph to White-hall.
Then, to protect our faith, we will maintain
An Inquisition here, like that in Spain.

Sars. Most bravely urg'd my Lord; your skill I own,
Would be unparallel'd had you sav'd Athlone.

St. Ruth. Probe not these wounds anew, lest they create

Some fresh commotions to draw on our fate;
But rather let us some example shew,
And issue forth on the imperious foe,
Who now comes on, like swelling waves, which roar
To dash on rocks, and break against the shore,
The latest letters from my spies do say,
That near the river Suck the Britons lay,
Secur'd of conquest; and will higher come,
Like boisterous surges guided by the moon.

Dor. There fear 'em not, whilst here we lie secure
As ever Guiscard did in great Namure,
You see, my Lords, our camp on every side
Is both by art and nature fortify'd;
For situation, not a spot of ground
Like this in all Hibernia can be found.

[An Alarm within.]

Enter Colonel Talbot hastily.

Talb. To arms, my friends! the English are in fight,
And, in contempt of death, resolve to fight,
Despising fear, like furies they advance,
In open war, to dare the power of France;

Their echoing shouts the pregnant vallies fill,
 And all our works are levell'd on the hill;
 Our scouts no longer at this post can stay,
 But fall like snow that gently thaws away.

St. Ruth. Be it your care to march with present aid.

Talb. Your orders, Sir, with speed shall be obey'd.

[*Draws his Sword, and Exit.*

[*Drums beat within.*

St. Ruth. Come, let us arm, my friends, and at
 the head

Of every regiment let a mass be said;
 Draw forth our army in the best array,
 To try the fortune of this doubtful day;
 For sure these English scellums, void of fear,
 Design to force our lines, and fight us here;
 But should they come, their late victorious band
 Shall fall like wheat before a reaper's hand.

Dor. But first, my Lord, I hold it best, that we
 On Kilcommodon post our cavalry;
 Behind these hedges let some forces stand,
 That may the center of the bog command;
 Then shall we see, for all their great designs,
 If Scanderberg himself dare force our lines.

[*A second Alarm within.*

*Enter Sir CHARLES GODFREY, his Sword drawn
 and bloody.*

Sir Char. Arm, quickly arm, why stand ye loitering here
 In cold debates, the conquering foe is near.
 Brave Cunningham's dragoon's, Sir Albert at their
 head,
 Have pay'd the field all over with the dead;
 Before the gallant knight no force could stand,
 But all submitted to his mighty hand.
 More could I say, but horror stops my speech.

St. Ruth. Nay, tell the worst, young soldier, I
 beseech.

Sir Char. Alas! my heart, I tremble to explain,
 But since I must—Talbot the great is slain.
 Lord Portland's horse approach'd the mortal fight
 With sword in hand, and put our troops to flight:
 This Talbot saw, and, like a hero bold,
 Disdaining life, he scorn'd to be controul'd,
 But, as a Mars, amidst the throng he run,
 And there he stood like marble to the sun,
 Till being flank'd and hack'd on every side,
 By multitudes oppress'd, he bravely dy'd:
 I strove in vain, and by his side I stood,
 Till as you see, I dy'd my sword in blood.

Sars. There fell as brave a soul, with honor fir'd,
 As ever yet by force of war expir'd:
 Then fly to arms, and, for his sake who dy'd,
 Pursue and charge the foe on every side.

St. Ruth. Then loiter not, and sound to arms with
 speed,
 And for his sake ten thousand foes shall bleed;
 Vengeance and war, their legions shall devour:
 Athlone was sweet, but Aughrim shall be sour.
 But to defeat them, with more ease, I see,
 'Tis best we guard the pass of Urarchree:
 Then haste, O'Neal, and see the castle lin'd
 With musqueteers, as we before design'd;
 Draw up your troops, in order to sustain
 The Briton's fire, and their ground maintain:
 You know, my heroes, I have oft embru'd
 These hands in blood, and Heresy subdu'd.
 So, on this day, Rome's banners shall be spread,
 To send these locusts reeling to the dead.
 Our Church shall bless you, and her saints shall pray
 That we may gain the glory of the day;
 Lewis shall guard you, I myself will wield
 This sword, and sweep those vermin off the field.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Drums and Trumpets within.*

Enter several Soldiers bearing the Body of Colonel TALBOT on their Shoulders, they lay him bloody on the Stage.

Enter JEMINA.

Jem. Oh!—is he dead!—my soul is all on fire,
Witness ye gods!——he did with same expire;
For liberty——a sacrifice was made,
And fell like Pompey, by some villain's blade.
There lies a breathless corpse, whose soul ne'er knew
A thought, but what was always just and true.
Look down from Heaven, ye gods of peace and love,
Waft him, with triumph, to the thrones above;
And, oh! ye winged guardians of the skies,
Tune your sweet harps, and sing his obsequies!
Good friends stand off—whilst I embrace the ground
Whereon he lies—and bathe each mortal wound
With brinish tears, that like to torrents run
From these sad eyes—Oh, Heav'ns! I'm undone.
[Falls down on the Body.]

Enter Sir CHARLES GODFREY. He raises her.

Sir Char. Why do these precious eyes, like fountains flow,
To drown the radiant heaven that lies below?
Dry up your tears, I trust his soul, ere this,
Has reach'd the mansions of eternal bliss:
Soldiers—bear hence the body out of sight.

[They bear him off.]

Jem. Oh stay—ye murd'rers, cease to kill me quite:

[He holds her.]

See how he glares!—and see again he flies!
The clouds fly open, and he mounts the skies!
Oh, see his blood, it shines refulgent bright,
I see him yet—I cannot loose him quite,
But still pursue him on—and loose my sight.

Sir Char. Patience, my soul, dispel these gushing tears,
For see your Godfrey by your side appears.

Jem. 'Tis true, thy sight is, at this fatal time,
Welcome as rain upon a sun-burn'd clime:
But oh! my grief I need no more disclose,
You see the mangled cause of all my woes.

Sir Char. I saw him plain, that is no cause at all,
For though he dy'd, he did with honor fall:
Though like the sun, when darken'd by a cloud,
You for a while your beauteous beams do shroud,
But when th' eclipse is past, and darkness o'er,
You shine much brighter than you did before.
Thou fair Diana!—retire with me this way,
View there our army, drawn in pomp array.
Amidst their ranks, inspir'd by you, I'll fly,
So underneath thy banners bravely die:
But should I fall beneath the force of arms,
Let no proud victor dare to share your charms,
Rather first find me weltring with the slain,
Let thy blood too, like dew enrich the plain,
To mix with mine in one united stream.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to the ENGLISH Camp.*

*Enter Colonel HERBERT, and Colonel EARLES, with
their Swords drawn. Colonel EARLES sings.*

MARCH on, brave boys, make good your ground,
Let all your sprightly trumpets sound
To arms, and we will confound
Those foes to the Revolution.

Great Mars, the monarch of the field,
In shining pomp, with sword and shield,
Shall lead us on, and make them yield
To the glorious Revolution.

*Our rattling guns, like peals of thunder,
Shall fill the foe with fear and wonder,
To keep the Pope and Devil under,
And support the Revolution.*

*May Briton's sons the battle try,
To make these tim'rous bug-bears fly,
Then let each loyal subject cry
Success to the Revolution.*

*Long live great William! may he reign
To curb the pride of France and Spain,
And with his conquering sword maintain
The glorious Revolution.*

Thus far our arms victoriously proceed,
By whose great force our brethren must be freed:
For see, my Herbert, now the day is come
That British arms shall triumph over Rome;
Their priesthood shall against the gods exclaim,
For in their camp confusion seems to reign.

Her. It does, we shall defeat them, and may I
In the defence of England's honor die:
Fir'd with such glory, let us meet the toil,
And cultivate with blood the thirsty soil;
Maintain our ground, nor give an inch away,
Though ghastly death stood gaping in our way.
[*Exeunt.*]

A Table and Chairs are set. Flourish of Trumpets within.

*Enter, at several Doors, Generals GINKLE, RUVICNEY,
TALMASH, MACKAY, and Colonel HERBERT.*

Her. Defend great Ginkle, oh ye gods! and may
His mighty sword redeem our laws to-day.

Gin. Hail, mighty Britons! we appeal to you,
Whether or no, we must the fight pursue;
I hold it best for to encamp to night,
And so fall on them by the morning light;

34 BATTLE OF AUGHHRIM.

But let us sit down here, and first debate
Of proper means to poise the scale of fate.

[They all sit down.]

Now I present, great heroes, to your view
The plan of Aughrim, which my gunner drew,
[Shews a Map.]

That to a hair their posture does describe,
And shews their camp as it is fortify'd;
Here, my brave soldiers, you may plainly see
[Pointing to the Map.]

Their right extended all to Urarchree.
Their left and center, do two miles contain,
Extending o'er the wide surrounding plain.
Europe can't shew a spot thus fortify'd
With rivers, hills, and bogs on every side:
Then speak, my Lords, pronounce your thoughts on
fight.

Shall we decline it, or renew the fight.

Her. My Lords, my voice was ever to pursue,
And with our utmost force the fight renew;
Hazard was still the glory of the great;
Then let us fight, so shall we extirpate
Those purple slaves, who would our faith devour
With bloody zeal, and cruel priestly power;
Subvert our laws, and make a nation bleed,
Then think they merit Heaven for the deed;
Let thoughts like these your noble minds enflame,
To add fresh laurels to great William's name;
Relieve your brethren, and with fame subdue
Rome's wooden idols, and their monkish crew,
Those vile oppressors of our sacred laws;
Then side with me, and Heav'n will join our cause.

Ruv. There now, brave Herbert, you have touch'd
it right;

But yet consider the powers we have to fight;
For, by the accounts which we have lately seen,
They're five and twenty thousand, we eighteen;
A desperate odds, my friends, beside the ground
With forts and breastworks is beleaguer'd round;

A bog secures their van, a rivulet behind,
Besides the advantage of the sun and wind.
Weigh all this well, then will you surely see,
If we engage, we fight them one to three.

Gin. Send for our tents, then will we lie all night
Encamp'd along the valley in their sight,
That when the sable night shall pass away,
And Sol's fair chariot usher on the day,
When the faint waining moon shall be o'er run,
Then we'll attack them by the morning sun;
So Heav'n, great Heav'n shall be divinely kind,
To drive our foes like chaff before the wind.

Enter Colonel EARLES.

Earles. My Lord, this moment, as I firmly stood
Lodg'd on my post, near the adjoining wood,
A herald from the Irish camp is come
With some demands, his name is Dorrington.

[Exit Earles.]

Gin. Conduct him here—what can his message be?
Will they draw off, and leave the country free?
It may be so—but see the embassy comes——

Re-enter Colonel EARLES, with DORRINGTON.

Dor. St. Ruth, whose days be many, greeting sends
To General Ginkle, and his potent friends.

Gin. His name we honor, but your message speak.

Dor. St. Ruth, by me, these just demands doth
make;

That first you would your heresies forsake,
The Prince of Orange and his claim disown,
And fix your lawful monarch on his throne:
Disband your legions, and with speed become
Submissive liege-men to the see of Rome.

My Lord, when this is done the slaughter ends,
Then shall brave Ginkle, and St. Ruth be friends;
Which if you do, my Lord, you will do well.

Gin. I hate his friendship as the flames of Hell.

36 BATTLE OF AUGHHRIM.

Tell him, from me, his friendship I defy,
 My troops are brave, and on them I rely:
 Nor Spartan Cleomenes could do more,
 Nor Macedonians in the days of yore.
 My British soldiers, led by brave commanders,
 In glory shall eclipse your Alexanders.
 Then haste, and let your haughty Monsieur know,
 By me he meets a total overthrow;
 This day Hibernia's fortune shall be try'd,
 Whilst war and bloodshed shall the cause decide.
 Then shall my English handful surely free
 This famous Isle from Romish tyranny.

Dor. My Lord, consider—and be sincerely wise,
 My master's proffer'd friendship don't despise,
 Lest you should soon be forc'd to bend to fate,
 And curse your rashness when it is too late.

Gin. Leave that, thou proud Hibernian, if you
 dare,
 To the decision of a desperate war:
 Tell him from me once more—that on the plain,
 NASSAU's undoubted right we will maintain:
 To-day great WILLIAM's arms shall meet renown,
 Whilst circling laurels shall adorn his crown.

Dor. My Lord, I take my leave, but yet ere night,
 You'll curse your rashness, and decline the fight.

[*Exit* Dorrington.]

Herb. There spoke a Tamerlane—but rise, my
 Lords,
 Renew the fight, and with your well try'd swords,
 Attack the foe, and don't defer the fight,
 Lest they march off unpunish'd in the night.
 Gods!—shall true Britons tamely hold their hands,
 To sit like slaves, and hear such bold demands?
 It cannot be—dispel the causeless fears,
 Strive to retrieve the fame of former years;
 Think how our Henry taught proud France to yield,
 At Agincourt, and bravely won the field;
 Then shall not we his glorious deeds pursue,
 And, sword in hand, th' insulting foe subdue.

Mackay. As Herbert says,—so let us straight proceed,
 By force of war to make whole thousands bleed;
 Loiter no longer, but on St. Kuth's right,
 Let our brave soldiers, with a dreadful flight
 Of leaden balls, begin the mortal fight;
 Which if they do, my Lords, the Irish then,
 From Aughrim castle will detach their men.
 So when that way shall be of guards bereft,
 Our right may pass, and so attack their left.

Gin. Agreed, brave English, let our cannons play,
 Whose smoke aspiring shall o'er-cast the day;
 There let our useless staves of honor lie,

[*They throw down their Truncheons.*
 For on our swords the battle does rely. [*They all draw.*
 Each to his post, and see that it be fought
 With matchless courage, as by Britons ought;
 On every side our George's cross display,
 And die each man, or else redeem the day.
 Protect us Heaven, in thee alone we trust,
 Prosper our arms, as this our cause is just,
 Plant thy true word once more in this poor isle,
 Shield it from them who would thy faith defile.
 Now, my brave friends, let us the combat try,
 No task is left us now, but how to die.
 Then let us fall with glory ere we yield,
 Or with a sea of blood deluge the field.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Trumpets sound a Charge within. Enter LUCINDA.

Lucinda. O stay, my Herbert, I conjure you stay.

Re-enter HERBERT.

Herb. What would my ever fair *Lucinda* say?

Luc. Oh, don't engage to-day, I thee desire,
 Last night me thought I saw you wrap'd in fire,
 All clad in flames, whilst angels did surround
 Your lovely form, and bore thee off the ground.

Then I beheld thee as a cherub rise,
And soar aloft to the celestial skies.

Herb. What means my soul—what signifies thy dream,

It but portends I shall be crown'd with fame.
Hark—now the glorious battle is begun,
And thund'ring cannon do eclipse the sun.
The trumpet's blast commands me to the fight,
Adieu, my fairest orb, my soul's delight.
I must not be by woman's council stay'd,
For love and honor both must be obey'd.

Luc. Be not too rash, my Herbert, but allay
My growing fears, and do not fight to-day :
Had Cæsar listen'd to Calphurnia's dream,
At Pompey's statue he had ne'er been slain.
The mariner he ploughs the foaming seas,
And from his barque the pleasant land surveys,
He leaps with joy, and to his comfort sees
The pregnant banks all overspread with trees ;
Then as he strives to enter with the tide,
A rock unseen his vessel does divide :
So ere he can the happy port attain,
He's swallow'd with his cargo in the main.

Herb. Cheer up, my soul, no danger I can fear,
Our pilot from the rocks will keep us clear.
You see the flowers, like to babes just born,
Dart forth their blossoms in the welcome morn,
But when the joyful day is spent and done,
They close their pride, and mourn the absent sun ;
Then cease your fears, no longer can I stay,
My country calls, and honor must obey.

Luc. Then will you go, my dearest soul ? Oh, how
Are those joys fled, that flatter'd me but now ;
Where are the pleasant joys, and fond delight,
That with sweet raptures crown'd my bridal night ;
Where are those extasies of love and charms,
When Heaven itself I thought was in your arms ?
Oh, are they vanish'd now, and will you fly
To meet your fate, and without pity die ?

Which if you do, this true Amazon's hand
Shall pierce my heart, and all my woes disband.

Herb. Speak not of death, but rather view you-
hill,

From whose fair side sweet waters do distil,
It's pleasant verdant brow doth so invite,
That you would sit down there, and view the fight :
Banish your fears, my love, and come away,
And from that place you may with ease survey,
How Britain's genius shall with glory rise,
To reach with joyful pomp the applauding skies.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Drums within. Enter the Generals GINKLE, MAC-
KAY, and Colonel HERBERT, their swords drawn.*

Gin. 'Tis now past five, and we have just begun
To join the battle by a single gun;
No slackness can be found on either side,
For through the air Death does in triumph ride :
Our men with intrepidity advance,
'Midst showers of balls condemn the rage of France.
Our left have pass'd the bog, and now aspire,
To gain more ground in spite of all their fire.

Mac. But here, my Lord, I have observ'd, in spite
Of all their force, our left subdues their right ;
For I survey how they their loss supply,
And fill the ground where several hundreds lie,
With an undaunted bravery the charge they stand,
And from their right both horse and foot command,
Now should we hold on this advantage lay,
And march our foot across the narrow way,
There post themselves, in order to oppose
The main battalion of the sinking foes.

Gin. Be that committed to brave Herbert's care,
The martial orb of Britain's hemisphere.
With these battalions let your fame be shown,
With Creighton's, Earle's, Brewer's, and your own,

40 BATTLE OF AUGHHRIM.

Attempt the bog, and see your ground maintain'd,
Till with fresh forces, you shall be sustain'd.

Herb. My Lord, no further glory do I ask,
But meet with pleasure so renown'd a task,
The great command with extasy embrace,
Though death and ruin stare me in the face.

[*Exit.*

Gin. Here we embrace, my friend, as heretofore

[*Embracing.*

Brethren have parted, never to meet more :
Or as two friends, who with remorse survey
Their vessel sever'd on the raging sea,
Each gets a plank, and his companion leaves
To the wild mercy of the raging waves ;
As long as possible his friend he views,
Each forc'd, at last, a different fate pursues ;
One sinks, while t'other gains the shore at last,
There mourns his fellow's loss, and grieves for what
 • is past. [Exeunt.

Trumpets within.

The End of the THIRD ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Plain of Aughrim between both Armies at Six in the Evening.*

Trumpets within.

Enter ST. RUTH, and SARSFIELD, their Swords drawn.

• ST. RUTH.

FORTUNE seems doubtful yet, nor will decide
The victory, but favours either side :
Strict to the charge our soldiers stand their ground,
Whilst Mars, in pomp, surveys the battle round,

Rules all the field like an impartial god,
To scourge those Britons with his martial rod.

Sars. View how the foe, like an impetuous flood,
Break through the smoke, the water, and the mud;
They'll surely pass the bog, and then contemn
The puissant power of you, and all your men;
Nor all the great habiliments of war,
Nor walls of brass, their passage can debar:
Or should you legions of their numbers kill,
Leave but a few alive, they'd rally still.

St. Ruth. By Heav'ns! they're brave; 'tis pity they
should be

Expos'd to hazard, death, and massacre;
Heroes they are, my Lord; and as I live,
Were they not Heretics, I would forgive.
But yet our holy Church doth so command,
That we must root such miscreants off the land;
Oh, let us then our soldiers animate
To be courageous and our foes defeat.

Enter General DORRINGTON, with his Sword drawn.

Der. Aughrim is ours, brave Gen'ral Holstile's dead,
Who even now Lord Portland's horse did head,
He that ere now, triumphant rul'd the plain
On a proud steed, that did the bit disdain,
Drove all before him, till a lucky ball,
Shot with good aim, from off the castle wall,
Pierced his Icull, and with the mortal wound,
I saw him fall all bloody on the ground.

St. Ruth. Thanks to the gods—and all the sacred
powers!

Heaven now is just—and Aughrim shall be ours!
Now conquest chirrup in the liquid air;
They fly!—pursue, and charge them in the rear.

[*Exeunt.*]

The SCENE opens, and several Soldiers enter as running away, with them Colonel EARLES.

Earles. Oh—stand, and bravely perish ere you fly,
For at the worst, brave souls, we can but die,
Then bravely stand your ground, and scorn to flinch;
But if they conquer sell it every inch.

Enter General TALMASH, his Sword drawn.

Tal. Stand, cowards, stand—and yet redeem the day:

No hopes are left you, if you run away;
Oh—stand your ground—for shame, maintain the field;

Must Britain's glorious sons, a conquest yield:
If so, alone I will the battle try,
And in defence of England's honor die.

Earles. Bravely reliev'd, and succour'd just in time,
When Britain's cause was ready to decline;
Herbert is taken pris'ner, and convey'd
Back by the foe, in spite of all our aid:
Twice we retook the hero, but, at length,
They bore him from us with their utmost strength;
We being sever'd, Herbert, in the throng,
Wav'd his great arm as he was brought along,
And Oh! he said, brave friends, be noble still,
And in so just a cause whole legions kill.

Tal. Is he then lost, oh! my renowned friends,
Rally again, and here their conquest ends;
Renew the charge, then will you surely see,
We'll gain the glory if you follow me;
I'll lead you on, and yet redeem the day,
Though troops of dæmons stood to thwart my way.

[*Exeunt.*]

Soldiers Shouting. *Enter GINKLE, MACKAY and RUVIGNEY.*

Gin. Routed!—confusion!—see our center runs,
Driv'n by the foe just even with our guns,

Which render'd useleſs at the worſt of times,
I fear the battle with the day declines.
Never till now, could Iriſhmea maintain
A fight ſo bloody on a well fought plain:
But let us yet advance, then will you find,
They'll fly like atoms ſcatter'd with the wind:
So in the Eaſt, at the approach of day,
The ſun diſpels the fable clouds away.

Mac. Yonder, my Lord, amidſt the throng appears
A gallant youth, but tender yet in years,
His heroic actions ſhine amidſt the fight,
For in their hoſt no hero ſeems ſo bright,
I mark'd him well, in all his martial pride,
Whiſt by his conquering ſword our ſoldiers dy'd,
Curſe on the ſtripling——may I never fall,
Till with this ſword I make him pay for all.

Ruv. My Lord, I hold it beſt that now on fight,
You detach brave Sir John Lanier from the right,
And with precipitation on the left
Aſſiſt our foot, of ſuccour now bereft.
Shall we retreat, and with conſuſion run
From all the mighty conqueſts we have won?
Avert the thought—and let it ne'er be ſaid,
That from ſo great an enterpriſe we fled;
To ſell our holy Faith, and this poor iſle,
To thoſe vile ſlaves, who wou'd the land deſile.
Forbid it Heav'n!——ſhall Britons tamely yield
Their necks to bundage, and deſert the field.
No——rather let us ſtudy to be brave,
And fall with honor, ſince we cannot ſave.

Enter Colonel EARLES.

Earles. For ever hail to the auſpicious day,
Now fate is kind, the haughty foe gives way;
Our foot has rally'd, and the ſhock maintain'd,
And bravely has their former ground regain'd;
Fire answers fire, and Jupiter may now
Decline his thunder, and this once allow,

In vain his lightning issues from the sky,
 For death more sure from British engines fly;
 Their messengers of death much blood have spill'd,
 And full three hundred of the Irish kill'd.

Gin. Then loiter not, my Lords, but at the head
 Of our few scatter'd troops, who lately fled,
 Renew the charge, and range the battle round,
 Attack them close; and since they once give ground,
 We'll ply them home——nor give an inch away,
 Then shall we gain the conquest of the day.

[*Exeunt.*

Kettle Drums and Trumpets. Enter DORRINGTON,
 O'NEAL, and several Soldiers hauling in Colonel
 HERBERT as a Prisoner, who seems to make Resist-
 ance.

Dor. Yield, Colonel, yield, nor from our friend-
 ship fly,

Since now no hopes of succour can be nigh;
 Submit yourself, for shame——nor thus upbraid,
 You are my vassal, since a pris'ner made.

Herb. Forbear t'insult, thou proud Hibernian wasp,
 I thought to have met you with a warmer grasp,
 When all the war rank'd in it's dread array,
 Stood the blind fortune of this doubtful day;
 When bloody colours waver'd in their pride,
 And each proud hero did his steed bestride,
 When the loud trumpets, with their shrill alarms,
 Made woods resound, and summon'd all to arms,
 When soldiers marshall'd, did the signal wait,
 And stood in order to attend their fate,
 'Twas then I mark'd that bloody plume afar,
 Hearing before your mighty deeds in war,
 I, for a while, your person could discern,
 And wish'd to meet you singly, arm to arm;
 But now I see that war's uncertain scale,
 O'er weigh'd by force, has made your sword prevail.
 Yet know, proud victor, though a captive ta'en,
 My liberty my brethren shall regain.

Enter ST. RUTH.

St. Ruth. Fly to your posts, be now, or never brave;
Nor waste your glory with a captive slave;
Our camp is almost now beleaguer'd round,
Tho' twice repuls'd, the haughty foe gains ground:
But yet be brave, defeat them once again.
They'll yield the battle, and desert the plain.

Her. 'Tis false as hell, your efforts they'll detest,
No dastard thought can rule a British breast;
My gallant countrymen disdain to fly,
They'd fall with honor first, and chose to die.

St. Ruth. Bear hence that captive scellum from my
fight:——
Lodge him secure, and then pursue the fight:
This is no time to lose, when in their pride,
The enemy appears on every side.

[*Exeunt* Dorrington, O'Neal, and Herbert.

ST. RUTH solus.

St. Ruth. Bode well my heart, this pris'ner shall
not live,
One minute's respite more I will not give;
His friends come on, and, at the last, I fear,
He may be rescu'd from us, and get clear;
Then would he drown whole squadrons in their gore,
And be more desperate than he was before;
I'll hinder that, by Heaven! he surely dies,
And to my fury falls a sacrifice.

[*Exit, with Kettle drums and Trumpets.*

*The SCENE opens, and discovers Colonel HERBERT
lying bleeding, he crawls forward to the Middle of
the Stage.*

Her. Wounded to death, but yet my heart won't
break,
Though I retain scarce power enough to speak;
My butchers are returned to the fight,
Yet had not mercy left to kill me quite.

46 BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

Almighty Heaven! victorious William blest,
 And ever crown his armies with success;
 May laurels ever green adorn his crown;
 And may his arms throw Popish altars down;
 Long may he reign, to shield this famous land
 From monkish powers, with a righteous hand;
 And, when he dies, let glorious Denmark come,
 With his great Ann, to guard the British throne.
 Grant this, ye gods! and Oh, ye powers divine!
 Protect the illustrious Hanoverian line;
 May that great race of heroes rule the throne,
 Be fam'd in war, and conquer worlds unknown.
 Hear this, O Lord of Mercy, I beseech;
 Fain would I more—but death just stops my speech.
 Forgive my murderers as I freely do,
 Even from my soul—so wretched world—adieu.

[Dies.

*Enter Sir CHARLES GODFREY, his Sword drawn,
 and speaking to some within.*

Sir Char. Rally again, nor timorously stand,
 Aw'd thus through fear, but charge them sword in
 hand,
 Follow them briskly through the nether stream,
 There ply them close.—But ah!—what can this
 mean? [Sees Herbert.

Here's murder sure committed! nothing less,
 He seems a noble Briton by his dress,
 A stately person deck'd with martial air,
 And on his finger does a signet wear! [Views his ring.
 O Heavens! the sight my conscious soul alarms!
 This ring betrays the brave Lord Pembroke's arms!
 This is my brother Herbert, now I know;
 Damnation be his doom who gave the blow.
 Oh, my brave Herbert, there he murder'd lies,
 Grim death and treason clos'd the hero's eyes;
 But I'll take vengeance for his wrongs to-day,
 And blood for blood the traitors shall repay.

[As he offers to go off, he is met by a Ghost, who approaches him three several Times, each Time he falls back, then speaks.]

What art thou? speak! a fury, devil, or ghost?
 Nay, be the second, then I need you most.
 Or have you left a bright celestial throne
 To take just vengeance—vengeance not your own;
 Or are you from th' infernal abyss fled,
 To search for vengeance on a murd'rer's head?
 Stand not amaz'd—see, there brave Herbert lies,
 Murder'd and slaughter'd—Oh! I'll sacrifice
 A thousand Romish souls, who shock'd with woe,
 Shall, bound in shackles, fill the shades below.

Ghost. Be not so rash, wild youth, forbear, forbear,
 You judge me wrong,—for when I breath'd the air,
 Here on this earth, I was your father then,
 But I was butcher'd by the worst of men;
 They butcher'd me, then hid me under ground,
 And to convince your eyes, behold this ghastly wound.

[Shews his Breast.]

Sir Char. O Heavens! my father!—behold thus low
 I bend my body, and my duty shew.

Ghost. Stand off, and touch me not, for fear that I
 Vanish away, and from your presence fly;
 But mark my words: The whistling winds did sing,
 How prompt'd by love, you fought against your king,
 And how you would your country extirpate;
 I hover'd down to let you know your fate.

Sir Char. Could such vain trifling thoughts as these
 entice

A ghost for to abandon Paradise.
 Answer me this, if it be no offence,
 When thou'rt at rest, where is thy residence?
 For mortal men on earth are prone to say,
 Were ghosts in Heaven, in Heaven they there would }
 Or if in Hell, they could not get away. {stay, }

Ghost. Where visions rest, or souls imprison'd dwell,
 By Heaven's command, we are forbid to tell;

48 BATTLE OF AUGHMIM.

But in the obscure grave where corps decay,
Moulder in dust and putrefy away,
No rest is there, for the immortal soul
Takes it's full flight, and flutters round the Pole.
Sometimes I hover o'er the Euxine sea,
From Pole to Sphere, until the judgment day;
O'er the Thracian Bosphorus do I float,
And pass the Stygian lake in Charon's boat;
O'er Vulcan's fiery court, and sulph'rous cave,
And ride like Neptune on a briny wave;
Lift to the bellowing noise of *Ætna's* flames,
And court the shades of the Amazonian dames;
Then take my flight up to the gleamy moon;
Thus do I wander till the day of doom:
Proceed I dare not, or I would unfold
A horrid tale, would make your blood run cold,
Chill all your nerves and sinews in a trice,
Like whisp'ring rivulets congeal'd to ice.

Sir Char. Ere you depart me, Ghost, I here demand,
'You'd let me know your last divine command.

Ghost. Then mark——

My wand'ring shadow, destitute of breath,
Is now compell'd to tread this orb'd earth,
And hover down, this good advice to bring,
That you would aid your pious lawful King.
Join not those vile licentious Rebels cause,
Who slew thy father in contempt of laws;
But mind me well.——The god's do so devise,
That in the fight you fall a sacrifice:
Then join the British host, and scorn, for shame,
To throw so vile an action on your name;
Rouse up your native honor to your aid,
In William's right employ your trusty blade,
Shew your achievements, and the foe defy,
Then fall with honor, since you're doom'd to die:
I'll hover o'er the field 'till join'd by you,
'Till then, my son, farewell—adieu—adieu.

[*Vanishes.*]

Sir CHARLES solus.

Sir Char. Gone, and forsook me! thus what can I do,

Love bids me stay, and glory cries pursue.
Which must I follow? here I cannot stay,
The sacred vision said I must obey
It's strict commands—then, by this British hand,
I'll never more decline my native land,
But join my countrymen, and yet proclaim
NASSAU'S great title on the crimson plain.

Enter Sarsfield, and Dorrington, their Swords drawn.

Sars. Haste, noble Knight, till we the charge sustain,
Full fifteen hundred of our foot are slain;
The British fire-balls some few tents have burn'd,
And one large batt'ry on ourselves is turn'd;
Now, gallant youth, or never, try your force,

Sir Char. By Heavens! I'll stir not, was it ten times worse!

Long let them prosper, nor retire from hence,
'Till you atone for murder'd innocence.

Sars. As Heaven is witness, or the conscious sun,
I knew not of it, till the fact was done;
I never could with such an act comply
As wilful murder.

Dor. By the gods, nor I.

Enter ST. RUTH.

St. Ruth. Courage, my thrice renowned friends,
for now

Shall laurels bind each conquering victor's brow,
Once more the English infantry retreats;
Pursue, we'll drive them back to Dublin gates:
Fall on my friends, a furious havock make,
Hew down whole cohorts, but their Ginkle take;

56 BATTLE OF AUGHHRIM.

Then as a terror to the following age,
Like Bajazet, I'll bind him in a cage.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the FOURTH ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Hill of Killcommodon.*

Enter SARSFIELD, and O'NEAL, their Swords drawn.

SARSFIELD.

AUGHHRIM is now no more, St. Ruth is dead,
And all his guards are from the battle fled;
As he rode down the hill he met his fall,
And dy'd a victim to a cannon ball:
With him our lives and fortunes all decay,
For now the unthinking cowards fall away.

O'Neal. Hope now is vain, no succour can be found,
And death displays his sable flag around;
But yet forbear too soon to yield to fate,
Nor sell our lives at an ignoble rate;
Here let us stand, and here attend our falls,
As once Rome's senate waited for the Gauls.

Sars. O, my O'Neal, thou partner of my breast,
Thus share my love [*Embraces.*] for now my heart's
at rest;

Death now is welcome, since I have a friend,
And one like you, on whom I may depend:
The chearful pelicans with vigour stood
To pierce their breasts, and feed their young with
blood,

So shall this sword unfluice each azure vein,
To let forth blood to feed the tragic plain.

O'Neal. Oh! name not that, my Lord, withstand
their pow'rs,
To sell this spot, which only now is ours;
Who falls with glory, annals do allow,
Shares equal laurels with the victor's brow.

Enter DORRINGTON, his Sword drawn.

Dor. Haste, noble friends, and save your lives
by flight,

For it's but madness if you stand the fight:
Our cavalry the battle has forsook,
And death appears in each dejected look,
Nothing but dread confusion can be seen,
For sever'd heads and trunks o'er spread the green,
The fields, the vales, the hills, and vanquish'd plain,
For five miles round, are cover'd with the slain,
Death in each quarter does the eye alarm,
Here lies a leg, and there a shatter'd arm;
There heads appear which clove by mighty bangs,
And sever'd quite, on either shoulder hangs.
This is the awful scene, my Lords, O! fly -
The impending danger for your fate is nigh.

Sars. Oh! spare the tale, my friend, nor let me
hear

A sound so harsh, ill-sounding to my ear;
Shall I start back at death, and then with shame
Be ever branded with a coward's name!
Blast all my conquests through a damn'd disgrace,
Nor dare to look a soldier in the face,
Then beg for charity and seek relief,
Like Hannibal the Carthaginian chief,
Who, when by Scipio he was o'erthrown,
He fled to Afric like a vagabond,
Cloath'd as a slave, dejected and obscure,
He wander'd all alone from door to door:

Then shall an Irish soul submit like him,
 To forfeit honor and renounce a King?
 No—here will I stand, and meriting applause,
 Die all alone if none will join my cause.

Dor. My Lord, forbear, let not a thought so vain
 Within a brave Hibernian's bosom reign;
 Your life will not for liberty atone,
 Limerick and Galway are as yet our own;
 Then waste not time, but now to Limerick fly,
 From whose great walls we may the foe defy;
 Here hope is lost, for now upon my truth,
 Sir Charles Godfrey, that young trait'rous youth,
 Has taken part with the prevailing crew,
 And to destruction does our host pursue.

O'Neal. Curse on his soul! Oh! may I ne'er depart,
 Till with this sword I reach the traitor's heart.

*Enter some Soldiers bearing ST. RUTH bloody on their
 Shoulders, they lay him on the Stage, and throw a
 Cloak over the Body.*

Sars. There let him lie, like Pompey in his gore,
 Whose hero's blood enrich'd the Egyptian shore;
 There lies the man, whose deeds shall ever shine
 In Flanders, France, and all along the Rhine;
 But here, through rashness, he eclips'd them all,
 And by his folly wrought Hibernia's fall.
 O, Heav'ns! can Nature bear the shocking sound
 Of death or slavery on our native ground?
 Why was I nurtur'd of a noble race,
 And taught to stare destruction in the face?
 Why was I not laid out a useless shrub,
 And form'd for some poor hungry peasant's cub,
 To hedge and plough, and with unweary'd toil,
 To cultivate, for grain, a fertile soil,
 To watch my flocks, and range the pastures through,
 With all my locks wet with the morning dew;
 Rather than being great, give up my fame,
 And loose the ground I never can regain?

Dor. Forbear, victorious Sir, and leave the field,
 The earth's best generals have been forc'd to yield;
 Victorious Darius was put to flight,
 And Paulus fell at Cannæ's bloody fight;
 Great Scipio was by Hannibal defeated,
 And Regulus from Carthage walls retreated;
 The great Goliath was by a Shepherd slain,
 And Gallic Phillip gave up Cressy's plain.
 These, mighty Sir, were heroes in their time,
 That did in hostile feats of arms shine.
 Then, cease my Lord—to Limerick fly with speed,
 Nor waste a life of which we stand in need,
 But serve your country yet, and, void of fear,
 At Limerick gates we'll stop their swift career.

Sars. Now stand, my friends, and extirpate your fears,

For there the limit of your fate appears;
 But let me first view, with a wishful eye,
 This once renowned soil from which we fly:
 So Adam when he was from Eden driven,
 He yet look'd back, to view his promis'd heaven,
 Then with a soul all cover'd with despair,
 He grudg'd that paradise he could not share.

[A Flourish of Kettle Drums and Trumpets within.]

Enter, with their Swords drawn, the Generals
 TALMASH, MACKAY, and Sir CHARLES
 GODFREY, with Soldiers.

Tal. Take quarter, gentlemen, and yield on sight;

Or otherwise prepare to stand the fight.
 Yet, pray take pity on yourselves and yield,
 For blood enough has stain'd the fatal field:
 'Tis Britain's glory, you yourselves can tell,
 To use the vanquish'd hospitably well.

54 BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

Sars. Urge not a thought, proud victor, if you dare,

So far beneath the dignity of war;
I am a peer, and Sarsfield is my name,
And where this sword can reach, I dare maintain :
Life I condemn, and death I recommend,
He breathes not vital air, who'll make me bend
My neck to bondage; then proud foe decline
The length of this, [*Shews his Sword.*] because the
spot is mine.

Tal. If you are Sarsfield, as you bravely shew,
You're that brave hero, whom I long'd to know,
And wish'd to thank you on the reeking plain,
For that great fate of blowing up our train.
But mark, my Lord, for what I here contend,
'Tis Britain's holy Church, I now defend,
Great WILLIAM's right, and MARY's crown, these
three.

Sars. Why then fall on, Lewis and James for me.
[*The Irish retreat fighting, and are pursued
by the English Party off the Stage.*]

Enter JEMINA veild.

Jem. When will my sorrows give me leave to rest?
O happy might it be on Godfrey's breast;
My conscious soul should then condemn alarms,
So might I die with pleasure in his arms.
Yet now to find him whither shall I go?
Ye God's! was ever maid reduc'd so low?
The youth, who binds my heart in Cupid's chain,
Has broke his vows, or is in battle slain.
But, turtle like, I'll to the groves retreat,
There search each drooping branch to find my mate,
For there, perchance, he has been forc'd to fly
From certain fate, and bloody tyranny.
But see he comes, the mortal sight I view,
With ghastly looks, and in a bloody hue.

Enter Sir CHARLES leaning on his Sword, and wounded in several Parts of the Body.

Oh! welcome to my arms, my soul's delight!

[They embrace.]

But Heavens! my heart bleeds inward at the sight,
To see the youth I lov'd, thus bath'd in gore.
Curse on my stars, for Heav'n can do no more.

Sir Char. Oh! my *Jemina*; for thou once were so,
O look not on me, nor one glance bestow:
For know, thou fair angelic heav'nly maid,
I'm perjur'd, damn'd, and have my love betray'd:
The scorn of mankind let me ever be,
Nor let bright Heav'n shine on a wretch like me;
Oh look not down with these refulgent eyes,
On a curs'd slave like me, who ling'ring dies,
But rather drive me from your charming sight,
And blot me out from your remembrance quite.

Jem. Spare the sad tale, I cannot hear the rest,
You are not false, for I suppose the best.

Sir Char. As Heaven is witness since the truth I
must,

No crocodile was ever more unjust,
I have betray'd thee, oh! thou killing fair!
Why does the earth so vile a monster bear!
Earth yawn asunder, leave the center far,
And swallow me alive in damn'd despair:
There, bury'd in oblivion, lie and rot,
Disdain'd by Heaven, and by men forgot:
I'm curs'd—and mark'd by Heaven for wronging
innocence,

And Hell itself must punish the offence;
For bound in shackles am I doom'd to go
To the dark abyfs of the shades below:
Amidst the fight I did your cause desert,
With Britain's conquering sons to take a part,
When Heaven, which ever does the fair defend,
In justice overtook me in the end;

56 BATTLE OF AUGHRIM.

For as the Britons did the chace pursue,
In the pursuit, with this, much blood I drew,
Which being view'd by an Hibernian Lord,
He rally'd back, and with a brandish'd sword,
With furious force my person he assail'd,
And his strong genius o'er my sword prevail'd.
Then, heavenly fair, your aid I here implore,
To lay me down, and then I'll ask no more.

*[He lets fall his Sword, and lies down
on the Stage.]*

My optic nerves grow dim and loose their sight,
And all my veins are now exhausted quite;
My limbs do fail, cold sweats bedew my face
My life ebbs forth, and death comes on apace;
I fain would live to make amends for all,
But cannot—adieu my soul—you see your Godfrey
fall. *[Dies.]*

Jem. There fell as brave a youth, with fame inspir'd,
As ever yet a virgin's bosom fir'd.
But sure his ghost will not be so unkind,
To soar to Heaven and leave me here behind:
No, it is just, ye gods, it cannot be,
He hovers on the wing, and waits for me;
But shall not long, this ends the mortal strife,

[Takes up his Sword.]

This puts a period to my worthless life;
Then after all my anguish, grief, and pain,
In Heaven, my love, we'll surely meet again.
Witness, ye gods! *Jemina* still was true,
And see what love can make a virgin do;
Let fair *Hibernia's* latest annals tell,
That by the force of love *Jemina* fell;
This to my heart, so wretched world farewell. }

[Stabs herself and dies.]

*Enter General GINKLE, Marquis RUVIGNY, with
Soldiers and an Officer with Colours. Drums beating.*

Gin. May all the gods the auspicious evening bless,
That crowns Great Britain's arms with success:

There let our colours rule the vanquish'd plain,
 As mighty emblems of Britannia's fame.
 How came this lady here amongst the dead?
 Some virtuous maid, who for her lover bled.
 Soldiers bear hence these bodies from this place.
[They bear off the Bodies.]

Haste, Officer, to bid the slaughter cease.
[Exit Officer.]

My brave Ruvigny, to you I must ascribe
 This glorious conquest; for, on every side,
 Thy noble presence was to animate,
 And bravely poize the scale of Britain's fate.

Ruv. O, spare the speech, my Lord, and do not
 raise

Your tongue too lavish in your servant's praise;
 For when our host seem'd ready to despair,
 Some Enniskillen forces join'd our rere,
 Who as brave souls the mighty shock sustain'd,
 And vig'rously our former posts regain'd.

Enter TALMASH and MACKAY, with Soldiers leading in DORRINGTON and O'NEAL as Prisoners.

Gin. Speak, gallant foldiers, is the country clear;
 Have we no foes, nor ambuscades to fear?

Tal. Not one my Lord, save what are prisoners
 ta'en,

No Irishman does near our camp remain;
 To a large bog their foot have took their way,
 And all their horse have fled towards Loughrea:
 These men, my Lord, as from the chace we came,
 We found them lying welt'ring with the slain.

Gin. Hail mighty Dorrington, thus low we bow,
[Bowling.]

Shall we disown the Prince of Orange now?
 Must we disband our legions, and restore
 Your abdicated King to rule once more?
 It could not be. I did the act disown,
 For mighty William yet enjoys the throne.

Dor. Forbear, my Lord, nor thus insult me so,
Is this right usage for a captive foe?
Had but St. Ruth surviv'd the tragic fight,
To Dublin gates you would have taken flight;
For know, proud conqueror, by your lordship's
leave,

Our soldiers were more numerous, and as brave.

Gin. Reply no more. Here, see the prisoners sent,
With a strong guard of soldiers to my tent;
Let them be kept asunder, till we learn
How we their marshal'd troops may yet discern;

[*Exeunt Soldiers with Dorrington and O'Neal.*]

For by examining it may be found,
How in the morn we may the bog surround.

Tal. There's none remains entire, for the night
Debar'd each soldier from his fellow's fight;
And that they might be light to run more fast,
Their belts and arms, and all away they cast:
Four hundred soldiers we have prisoners got,
And seven thousand lyeth on the spot;
Their tents and baggage, as our soldiers spoil,
Shall be free plunder to reward their toil;
This have we gain'd, by Heav'n's, 'tis really true,
With all their cannon, arms, and colours too.

Mac. To let this vict'ry be more signal seen,
Send all their colours to the British Queen,
As lasting emblems of their total fall,
To grace in mighty pomp Westminster-Hall.

Gin. It shall be done, but till the morning light,
Let our fierce soldiers guard the field all night:
Let our small arms, and our thundering cannon,
Proclaim our conquest to the vanquish'd Shannon;
Let Rome in silence and affliction weep,
And let our shouts proclaim it to the deep.

Tal. My Lord, the muster-master's list does tell,
How many English in the battle fell;
A small account considering what we gain,
Seven hundred wounded, and as many slain.

Gin. O wond'rous God ! who can the battle guide,
And give a conquest to the weaker side,
Sure thy tremendous hand the battle fought,
When England's daring foes were brought to nought.
Now, my brave friends, here to refresh we'll stay, }
Then next to Galway bravely post our way, }
There on it's walls our British flag display. }
From thence to Limerick with our forces haste,
And in our march lay forts and castles waste ;
With fury make the gates of Limerick quake,
With our dread cannon make it's basis shake,
Convert the garrison to England's use,
And by one mighty storm the land reduce.
Now speed, ye cherubs, thro' the liquid air,
To mighty William's court the tidings bear :
Great Heaven once more our conquering army blest,
Let Britain's army ever meet success ;
O'er thy poor land thy lasting truth convey,
And guard this isle we have redeem'd to-day.

[Exeunt with Drums beating and Colour's flying.]

EPILOGUE.

To be spoken by one representing a Press-Master
attended by Sailors.

WHEN Shakespear flourish'd in the bloom of wit,
Tho' crown'd with bays, no Epilogues he writ:
The age was modest, then no fop appear'd
To damn ~~the~~ plays, because his last they fear'd,
But our Critics are so numerous grown,
They infect the Pit, and overswarm the Town.
The Author, therefore, begg'd I would step in,
To press on board all those who make a din.
The Town can spare 'em: Then, by Jove, I say,
I'll ~~kill~~ you all that dare to damn this Play:
With pistol cock'd, and cutlass by my side,
I'll spare no Fop, set forth in peacock's pride,
Tho' lac'd and powder'd, and perfum'd most sweet,
That dares not man the ladies, or the fleet;
Away on board the fleet I'll take them all,
The Spaniards face, and give 'em t'other fall;
Destroy their navy, if they dare us meet,
And scow'r their coast, to take their silver fleet.
When great Augustus bids, we'll homeward steer,
Then court the Ladies, when we all come here.
Mean while, we'll cry, as we ride o'er the main,
May George and Charlotte for ever reign,
To rule Great Britain, and it's Laws maintain. }



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2nd Aug
1888

2nd
19th